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AN EVENING PRAYER.

BY M. E. PRESTON.

Christ of the tender heart, to Thee I pray!
Come close, for I am fearful; dark the way.
Let Thy compassion and forgiving love
Make calm this evening hour, and far above
Raise all my earth-bent thought; in very deed
Wash clean my wayward heart; relieve its need,
And make it, I implore Thee, pure like Thine!

Thou knowest all my sin; how oft I fell,
Wan by the tempter, never could I tell
The after anguish. To deny my Lord
By selfish action and ungenerous word,
And thoughts unworthy of the name I bear!
Christ of the shining, though I hardly dare
Breathe now Thy holy name, O leave me not!

I do repent, Ah, sore and great my grief
To wound Thee so! There is no sweet relief
In sob or tears, though swiftly they do flow.
I cannot promise better, for I know
How soon vows would be broken. Yet alone
I fall each moment, and through pain a moan
Goes up to Thee instead of prayer or praise.

I am unworthy even to think of Thee,
Yet I entreat Thee to abide with me;
Because my life is Thine, I need Thy help to try
To make it, therefore, worthy. Be Thou nigh,
Nor let me fall again, but save each hour
From self and sin by Thy almighty power,
And teach me daily how to do Thy will.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

BY REV. MARK TRAFLET, D. D.

The death of Dr. Holland, a name so widely known, is a loss to the world. In our grief and sorrow, we almost say, hastily, it was a mistake; he should have lived on through all the cycles yet to run. He was wanted here where there is so much to be done—so much of error to be corrected, of grief to be assuaged, of faithlessness to be rebuked and weakness to be strengthened, of darkness to be illuminated. And then comes the compensating thought, he lives still in his widely-circulated and profitably-studied productions, each of which is a benison; in his pure and blameless life; in his manly Christian character.

"They do not die who fall in a great cause." He lived, labored and suffered for humanity. He sought no personal honor or emolument as an end; if such came to him, they came as the gain always comes to the sower of good seed—the rich harvest which the faithful worker assuredly reaps.

We feel this loss the more acutely because such men are rare, like the most precious stones. There are many men of greater intellectual power, who make more noise in the world and create greater excitement, but who fall as the stone falls into the ocean's bosom, whose waters close over it, and it is gone; while such men as the subject of this sketch, like distant stars, send their light to us long years after the body is consumed. It is so seldom that greatness and goodness are wedded in this strange world, that when such a union is witnessed, we linger over its apparent dissolution as over a fond memory never to be forgotten.

With the early history of the life of Dr. Holland my readers are doubtless already familiar. He had not, as have thousands of others who still fall in this life-experiment, the advantages of birth, circumstances, financial aids, and the cheers of potent friends, to give him a grand send-off as he launched his bark upon this perilous sea. But, instead, he wakes to conscious life on that stony and sterile farm in Belchertown, Mass. Hard labor and homely fare, with scant advantages of schooling, fill up the days of his boyhood. His mother, a sensitive, retiring woman, gave him his first lessons in morality and religion; and in after years, domiciled in his luxurious home in Springfield, he repaid in part—for this debt—"mother" can never be cauled—the obligation by the tenderest care and attention. And when, in 1867, the venerable woman and loved mother died, the writer recalls the touching incident of how Dr. Holland and a brother of his, now asleep, stepped to the head of the casket, and taking the handles, bore the loved form to the hearse, and at the grave tenderly laid her in her lowly bed. And so she, who had so often borne these sons in their helplessness upon her bosom, was now in return they borne to her repose. There were no dry eyes witnessing that act of filial tenderness. "My mother," said the Doctor to me after the funeral, "was so diffident and

sensitive that she was always ill at ease in the presence of strangers, and I could not bear to see strange hands lifting her worn-out frame." It showed the womanly tenderness of his manly heart.

But my thoughts go back to that old farm-house and rough farm life. The surroundings are not encouraging, and it is a question whether this tall, slender, timid youth will elect to remain and become an agriculturist, as his fathers were, or push himself into some mode of life, not more honorable, to be sure, but more in harmony with his tastes, inclinations and organism. If he gets out of his present position, he must lift himself out, for there is no earthly hand to aid him. He has great self-determination and persistence. He could wait, but he must still be trying the gate and knocking, not knowing at what moment it would swing for his admission. He must have an education first, and then, when prepared, would put his hand to what he found to do.

In choosing a profession, I do not think, from his communications to me, that he followed his stronger inclinations; he certainly did not love medical practice. It would give him employment and a living—no more. He had, from the start, an ambition to do good to suffering humanity beyond checking the ills which flesh is heir to; he would rather "minister to a mind diseased, and raze out the hidden troubles of the heart." "Beyond anything else," he once remarked to me, "I would choose to be a minister of the Gospel." He had the highest regard for the Christian ministry, and his pastors always found in him a reliable and efficient helper. It is a sad fact that while the minister gives so much to his people, he receives so little into his own soul from them in return. The salary, however large, is a poor return for the outpouring of sympathy and affection, the nervous exhaustion, the heart-tail which is lavishly poured out by a faithful pastor.

Dr. Holland appreciated all this, and gave back "good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over" into the heart of his minister. As his pastor for a year, I can say, and wish to record it to his honor, and as a gratitude-offering now that I shall see his smile and hear his voice no more, that as an active member of the church and a help to the pastor, I have never known his superior. With a broad, well-balanced view of church work and obligations, a reliable judgment, and deep and uniform piety, his counsel and advice were always well-timed and safe.

His home was a blaze of sunshine. That old word "home," with him, meant something. There he threw off all vexing care, and for the time that charmed circle was all the world to him. Ah me, the happy seasons spent in that presence will come to me in all the future like visions of the Palace Beautiful! They will return no more.

To a stranger Dr. Holland seemed cold, reserved, and distant, but only seemed so. Cautious, not suspicious, he gave his confidence slowly; but once one was taken into his heart, the guest might sit up his room for a long tenancy, not to be ejected without ample cause. "Leave him?" No," said he to me one day when speaking of a friend who was passing under a shadow; "he is my friend; and what is friendship good for, if it fails on a slight strain? Now he needs my friendship, and he has it." Well and truly spoken, thou worthy son of Great Heart!

No man more highly prized or fully appreciated the good opinion and approval of his friends, and no man was more sensitive to criticism. There is a class of so-called critics who seem to take a fiendish pleasure in lashing an author who has yet to establish a reputation and secure the public ear; and when this young writer placed his early productions before the eye of the reading world, the whole kennel was opened and were after him in full cry. I remember when his poem "Bitter Sweet" came from the press, one of the most popular of the Boston dailies noticed it as "what the author is pleased to call a poem." It stung the author to the quick, but he, though wounded, made no reply, and

felt that he could bide his time and allow the public to decide for or against him; with what result the immense sale of his productions and his world-wide reputation as an author fully attest. Thousands have read his works, not with increase of pleasure merely, but of real advantage. The weak have found strength, the bereaved consolation, the erring a safe guide, and thousands of the youth of both sexes will thank God that such a man lived and wrote.

One most noteworthy thing about these numerous productions of his head and heart, is the healthy moral tone apparent in all. He wrote, not for the creation of a momentary pleasure or passing sensation, but to impress some great moral principle, to combat some specious error, to uproot some fatal passion or check some ruinous habit. To elevate, purify and help humanity, was the animus of all his labor. Surely it may be said of him, if of any author, that he wrote "no word which, dying, he would wish to blot."

A prominent trait in the character of Dr. Holland was his moral courage. He dared to do what he felt should be done. Naturally cautious, he was slow to take up any of the movements of the last half century bearing upon the interests of humanity, but when he saw the truth, he embraced it with all its possible results. He used words, not to disguise his opinions, but to enforce them, and called things by their right names. Yet in the hottest of his battles for the right, he exhibited no malevolence or bitterness, but ever manifested the spirit and temper of the grand Christian man that he was.

Only his intimate friends thoroughly knew J. G. Holland. He was remarkably reticent in speech of himself. I remember a discussion had once with him on the utility of class-meetings as found in the Methodist Church. He could not conceive how persons could consent to "unbosom themselves" in a promiscuous assembly—he could not do it. He was reluctant to speak of inner self, and in his exercises in conference meetings he seldom referred to his own personal experience; but alone with his pastor he opened the window of that strange apartment, the human soul.

And so he toiled on, giving freely of his means to the deserving poor, and starting many a young man in the pathway of success by his wise counsels and encouraging words. Many a timid writer has been saved to a healthful literary career by his timely counsel, who would have given up in despair but for his kindly words. Truly he could say, "When the eye saw me it blessed me, and when the ear heard me it gave witness unto me, because I delivered the poor that cried and him that had no helper."

In the last years of his life he labored as one having the sentence of death in himself. His physician had said to him, "You will die suddenly, and are liable to drop at any moment;" yet he pushed on, attending to his literary work, managing his business, and responding to the numerous calls upon his time and strength to the last. None but those possessing his wondrous will-power could have done it. How distinctly I recall my last interview with him, and how forcibly I was struck with that strange, melancholy smile which flashed for a moment across his features as he grasped my hand! Thus we met, and we parted forever.

He came back from his beautiful home on the St. Lawrence in the autumn with improved health apparently, took up and prosecuted his work for a season, looking forward to the issue of the first number of his magazine with its new title, *The Century*; retired one night and slept quietly until morning, when he awoke, and speaking to his companion, said, "I will get up;" lifted his head, dropped it again upon the pillow, "and was not, for God took him."

God feeds the wild flowers on the lonely mountainside without the help of man, and they are as fresh and lovely as those that are daily watched over in our gardens. So God can feed His own planted ones without the help of man, by the sweetly falling dew of His Spirit.

SYMPATHY FOR OUR MISSIONARIES.

BY REV. WM. BUTLER, D. D.

SECOND PAPER.

In explanation of the length of time between the appearance of the article in the *HERALD*, and these observations upon it, it is proper to say that it was the hot season and the ministers somewhat scattered when it appeared. So I hoped the paper might quietly pass and be neutralized by time. But last month, when the Preachers' Meeting had resumed its sessions, the writer of the article repeated and amplified his statements before that body of ministers. Some of them at the close of his address inquired of me if there were not facts in explanation which ought to have been given, but were omitted in the address. I thus saw that I should no longer hesitate, especially as the brother, supposing himself fully informed, would feel free to repeat his representation elsewhere, and thus harm might arise to the cause. So much in explanation of the delay. But, to resume.

Brother McDonald tells us, in evidence that our missionaries in North India "need no sympathy," that their comfortably-furnished homes are "abundantly supplied with native servants." To those who understand the facts these words convey no alarming statement whatever, no more than if we said of a minister at home that he had a servant in his family; but, as many of our people do not understand the facts and their reasons, is it quite the thing to make the above statement, and leave it to produce its probable effect upon the minds of those who do not comprehend the situation?

Let us once for all explain this matter: When a missionary enters India he at once learns that if he is to give his time and strength to missionary labors, he must have the usual help which the climate and the circumstances call for.

Servants, then, must be hired. But how many and at what cost? The caste habits of the people prevent them from doing more than one thing, and on whatever his wages may be, they manage to live accordingly. The man who supplies you and your neighbors with water, in a land where there are no water-works or pumps, and who has to pull up every gallon of it by a string from a depth of fifty or sixty feet below, is willing to serve you for 4 rupees (\$2) per month, and he finds himself. Certainly you would rather pay the \$2 for the thirty days than do it yourself. But this *Bleesbee* will not do anything else, nor will the *Dhobee*, who washes your clothes, do anything but that (and he does it well), and you pay him \$3. So, the *Khanasama*, who goes to the bazaar to buy your marketing and then cooks and serves it, will not do anything else; but \$3.50 satisfies him. The *Mether*, who sweeps twice a day in and round your house, attends to its sanitary condition, and keeps out the white ants, scorpions, and other unwelcome visitors, is satisfied with his \$2—and so on to the end of the chapter. If you expect to sleep during the hot months in the sweltering air of a closed house, you must entertain two *Punka Wallahs*, who, for \$2 each per month, are glad to sit on your verandah and alternate in pulling the rope which keeps in motion the great fan over your bed, which makes you feel grateful for the refreshment it gives to your poor body in the hot night.

Well, now, here we have nine of these "servants," and few missionaries are more "abundantly supplied." What does the whole staff cost? Just 41 rupees and 8 annas per month, without board or any further expense to you; that is, \$20.50. How does this compare with the one servant in an American family, that is, if she does what the nine out there accomplish for you—cooking, washing, ironing, etc., not to talk of the *punka*? You pay "Bridget" \$2.50, or perhaps \$3, per week, if she does all this, and her board probably costs you as much more, so that the expense of having her is about \$24 per month, or about \$3 more than the "abundant supply of servants" in India! You could probably keep ten of them on what she alone costs you. How

harmless is the truth in this matter when it is fully stated and understood!

But any "waste of sympathy" upon our brethren and sisters is rendered further unnecessary, it is said, because they "are well supplied with a comfortable sanitarium among the hills to which they can flee from the burning heat of summer." The inference might be drawn that "their sick and worn" go there in numbers, but this is not so. The Sanitarium has accommodation for only about four families, and there are twenty American families in the mission, apart from the lady missionaries of the Woman's Society. Now, I know some of these families who have endured the climate of the plains for as many as six years without going to Nynce Tal. Indeed, going to the Sanitarium is often a sad necessity as well as being an expense, and some of our brethren and sisters ought to go oftener than they do; but their means and the interests of their work lead them to hesitate to avail themselves of the privilege. Of course it is a comfort to know that there is such a refuge within reach when they need it and must go.

But, with all respect, I venture to put the question, Is this a kindly aspect in which to present the missionaries of the Lord Jesus before His church? Do they go—or has ever one of them gone—to India, or stayed there, in view of the facts that they were to have "a stipulated salary," "well-furnished houses," "abundance of servants," and "a comfortable sanitarium?" Or is it Christlike and brotherly to seem to imply, because they have these things, that "they need no sympathy" from the church at home? They make no stipulation on behalf of these matters, and some of them may have reached their fields of labor before they knew what they were to receive in these respects. Is it not making too much of "things that perish in the using," and are so subordinate to the high object which draws these men to India, to push them into such prominence in the statement made and the comparison instituted with the South India work? And are there not more serious matters in the duties and discouragements of their surroundings and their work (entirely aside from all these things) that might well have been mentioned as giving them a tender and constant claim upon the warm sympathy of all those who honor the devotion and practical holiness which led them there and keep them there?

Let me mention but a few of them: Despite all the care that may be used, climatic influence usually tells upon them, and would tell far more had they not good houses to live in, and were they not relieved of much secular toil. Who at home can understand what "the hot winds," commencing in March, imply, especially to the ladies; or the sluggish liver of the rainy season which follows; or the risks of the malarial fever in September? How well I remember the aching heads and the pale faces, while congestion, and cholera, and sun-stroke have each claimed their victims in our mission! How significant is the fact that, notwithstanding all our efforts to shield them from the effects of the climate by the shelter of good houses and the help of servants, yet, while only three missionaries have died, eleven wives of the missionaries have sunk into the grave within the same period! Precious, devoted women! Was our sympathy thrown away when it was tenderly extended to them and to those whom they left desolate in a heathen land?

Then let us remember, in our sympathy and prayers, what an immortal atmosphere constantly surrounds them—all the sins of the first chapter of the epistle to the Romans, making the "Five Points" of New York almost decent in comparison. Amid all this falsehood and filthy conversation and licentious abominations their lives are spent, so that often their souls cry out, "Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesek, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!"

Then come the many discouragements of their work, from the hopes so frequently disappointed in those who come to inquire, and who so often fall when they are almost won to Christ; in the sufferings to which

their real converts are subjected for becoming Christians, or in the feebleness of their faith and slowness of heart to believe. In this land a minister may have his times of depression, but he goes into his weekly prayer-meeting, and finds there among his laity brethren and sisters whose devotion is equal to his own, full of fervor and faith, and his soul gets baptized anew and he is braced up again for duty. There is but little of this aid to be realized by the missionary among the first generation of converted heathen. In their weak and childish condition they are constantly and heavily leaning upon him. It is "line upon line and precept upon precept." He is always giving out, and receiving but little in return for them. Such a condition of things exhausts the soul, and were it not that missionaries have generally more religion and stronger faith than have the average ministry at home, they could not endure it. But do not such men and women need our sympathy and prayers all the time?

To this must be added a heavy cross that is so often peculiar to them. If they are parents, the dark shadow of the early and inevitable separation comes down upon their hearts, and too soon it arrives and their darlings are sent across the ocean; and for long years to come they may not see them. They may even sicken and die in their absence, and the dreadful letter that bears the news may not reach them until the precious little ones are a couple of months in their graves! Those who have never lost children in like circumstances know not what this trial is. But these are wounds which take long years to heal in the hearts of missionary parents, and their agonizing yearnings would often be a consolation which the sympathetic Jesus keeps in store for His solitary and sorrowing missionaries. Separated fifty or sixty miles from each other, and seldom meeting except at their Annual Conference, they are generally alone in their time of affliction, and cannot help each other as we can here. Nearly one-half of the members of our mission have been called to drink of this bitter cup, and it will probably, ere long, come around to the lips of many of the remainder.

Then, after a time, comes failing health on the part of either the missionary or his wife. In some cases they are a day's journey or more away from a doctor, and suitable help may be hard to obtain. If they have been able to save anything from their salary, it will be needed now. There is nothing else they can save from, for the little helps realized by ministers at home from marriage fees, donations, or other kindly acts, are, of course, utterly unknown there. But if health is spared and long years of honorable toil are given them, yet the period of superannuation comes at last, and they must then seek in a special providence the support and consolation which He alone can give them. No generous pension for declining years is granted by our Missionary Society, and the superannuation allowance of their respective Conferences is not likely to yield them many "material comforts," even when they most of all need them. But though broken down and worn out in the holy toil, they are certain to have the sympathy of the Lord Jesus to the last, with the blessed prospect of finding in heaven a mansion and surroundings more honorable and glorious than some of us at home may ever reach.

In the name of Him whom they are serving, and who most highly appreciates them and their work, let us honor our missionary brethren and sisters and continue to extend to them our cordial sympathy, and earnestly pray "the Lord of the harvest" to send forth more laborers of the same faithful character to aid them in the great work which they are doing.

The comparison drawn between the North India and the South India Conferences calls for a separate examination, which we propose to give in our final paper next week.

No matter what are the surrounding circumstances, the heart can go to God. Wherever Abraham pitched his tent, there he raised an altar to the Lord. So, wherever the Christian heart is, there is also an acceptable altar from which the incense of prayer and praise may ascend.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

BY REV. CHARLES ADAMS, D. D.

It was about forty-five years ago that, from one of the humble homes of Vermont, Elisha and Henry W. Adams came to me (then principal of Newbury Seminary) to be enrolled as students of the school. They were two pleasant and sprightly youths, of moderate stature, but strongly and compactly built, countenances fresh and fair, eyes clear and wide-awake, wearing, each of them, a sort of resolute aspect and having all the seeming of two stout, wholesome country boys who had come to the seminary for a purpose, and who "meant business." Moreover they were Christian boys, and such as were least of all careful to conceal their faith in their Saviour and hide their light under a bushel, but were prompt and open in their religious profession, and clear and outspoken in their testimony for the Master.

At once, and with equal energy and courage, the two were engaged in appropriate studies; while as time went on, they failed not to fulfill the pleasant hopes which their first appearance at the school had awakened. They were sprightly of movement, active in their recreations, diligent amid their studies, thorough and persevering in their researches and inquiries, successful in the accomplishment of their tasks, correct and excellent in their recitations, and in no long time they both seemed a prominent position among their fellow-students and were duly recognized as ornaments of the institution.

Thus stood these two young men while remaining at the seminary. A looker-on would have observed but a slight difference between them during that early period of their studies and general progress.

Retiring from the school, the brothers separated—Henry to pursue a collegiate course at Middletown, and Elisha to enter, presently, the itinerant ministry. Thus they passed suddenly from the sight of the writer for a series of years, save a slight glance or two at distant intervals, or as, now and then, some interesting rumor touching one or the other was whispered along the air. In those morning years Elisha was a rising young minister, giving pleasant promise of excellent things to come; and Henry meanwhile was making his mark as a successful college student, and at the same time, as opportunity offered, exercising his youthful ministry here and there amid the beautiful surroundings of the university.

Subsequently the two brothers were in the same Conference, as in earlier years they were in the same school together. There, for a limited time, and as if hand in hand, they were preaching the same blessed Gospel, and with the same zeal and energy, we doubt not, that characterized their early efforts for a thorough education. Happy had they both held on to that same path of light! But presently, and ever afterwards, the ways of these interesting brothers diverged—that of Elisha continuing direct and unwavering through many a year of faithful ministry, honored by his brethren and beloved by all, until, one day, God took him, by the transition of a moment, to live henceforth in heaven. Meanwhile, Henry's path veered gradually off, his feet seeking apparently more pleasant pastures, and, if possible, more congenial and welcome associations. For a brief space the warm radiance of sudden sunshine settled upon him, to be followed, however, by gathering clouds and gloom:—

"As when by quick and cold eclipse,
The sun grows dark at noon!"

In the sequel were long and far-away wandering—fruitless enterprises, sad groupings after sudden wealth, hopes doomed to perish, a mind strong, cultivated and brilliant, crouching down and concerning itself amid low and sordid things, the Spirit's holy and beautiful light quenched in darkness, the desolate soul "in wandering mazes lost!"

And Henry is gone! There were hopes, tearful hopes, that the dismal cloud hanging over his latter years might possibly be lifted at the last, and a gleam of holy sunshine might gild the evening of his life.

Correspondence.

FROM OREGON.

There is no part of our fair land whose inhabitants have a stronger attachment to their own particular State or region than the people of Oregon. This seems a little remarkable when we remember that nearly all the adults in Oregon are immigrants. Natives love their land because of associations reaching back through all their history. The immigrant has no such aid to his local patriotism, but the reason of his affection must lie in other things. Yet the average Oregonian never dreams of making any other State his home, and however far he may wander into other lands, his desire of ultimate return never dies. Of course there are reasons for this. A part of those reasons, I think, may be found in the variety and grandeur of the scenery, the mildness and evenness of the climate, the steadiness of business consequent upon the certainty with which the soil yields its increase, and the orderly condition of society—this last the result of a Christian civilization.

In 1836 a delegation of Flathead Indians crossed the continent as far as St. Louis, to request of the M. E. Church that missionaries be sent to preach to them. Christ, of whom incidentally they had heard. Of course this Macedonian cry was heeded. In the following year missionaries arrived on the banks of the beautiful Willamette. They went to teach the Indians; they became the teachers of the white men who followed after them. Bishop E. O. Haven, last June, standing by the grave of Shepard, in the mission burial-ground at Salem, Oregon, said: "This is the Plymouth Rock of Oregon. Generations hence many a pilgrimage will be made to this tomb." Shepard was the first Christian teacher to this new land, one of the missionary band who began their labors in 1837. Jason Lee, the first missionary superintendent, was one of the founders of Willamette University, a Christian institution, concerning whose influence the governor and other state officials of Oregon recently certified that "the people of Oregon are perhaps more largely indebted to this institution than to any other single agency." These are among the chief sources of a Christian civilization that compares favorably with that of New England and the Middle States.

Western Oregon never has a failure of crops; indeed, the same may be said of the whole State. Not that the crops are uniformly abundant from year to year; there are fluctuations, but between narrow limits that never admit of serious disaster to the farmer. As a consequence, the fluctuations of business never reach extremes, and so do not admit of serious distress. Oregon has copious rains—an inestimable blessing to the tiller of the soil; yet it is not true, as some have asserted, that thirteen months of the year are devoted to the reign of Jupiter Pluvius. This statement is to be classed with that ancient lie against New England, that it often yields six weeks of sleighing in March. The rainfall of Willamette Valley, on the average, is not greater than that at New York, and is much less than at many points on the Atlantic sea-board. Generally speaking, however, the summers of Oregon are drier, and the winters are damper, than the corresponding seasons in New England.

The summers of Oregon, I verily believe, are the most charming on the continent—nights always cool; days never, or very seldom, hot; enough of rain to give a freshness to the air and some verdure to the landscape. Under the spell which these favorable conditions create, the Oregonian forgets the long damp winter, and with pardonable pride blesses his lot as the most favorable among men. The freezing weather of winter usually is from two to six weeks, and is always clear and calm. The thermometer seldom falls below twenty degrees above zero. February is usually mild, and fruit-trees begin to bloom sometimes by the first of March, and seldom later than the middle.

"Camping-out" is a great institution in Oregon. The old settlers learned the art in crossing the plains, and the children have been apt scholars. The summers favor this mode of recreation. From early in July till the last of September rains seldom disturb the denizens of the field and forest. There is then nothing more delicious than a week's run into the mountains. Crystal streams, numberless almost, alive with trout; numerous waterfalls making picturesque every canyon; vast forests of the stately fir, branchless except at the top, straight as arrows and tall as many of the big trees of California with less than half their girth; wild berries in great variety and abundance; and, to the venturesome and strong, mountain peaks, storm-beaten and snow-capped, to be climbed; skies bluer than Italian, and an atmosphere pure and clear, soft and bracing beyond comparison; deer, elk, and other wild game in such variety and abundance as to make the huntsman's paradise—these are some of the attractions that entice all classes from their business for a week, or a month, in the summer, and yield them pleasures quite as abundant and satisfactory as the finest watering-places in the Eastern States, and far more innocent and healthful.

I shall not attempt to describe the scenery of Oregon; my space is too limited, even if my genius were equal to the task. Bierstadt, the great artist, when years ago he entered Oregon from the south, and for the first time came upon an eminence that disclosed to him all at once that immense circle of snow-capped mountains that stand like white sentinels of God to guard the vast region of the North Pacific coast, reverently knelt and thanked God that he had lived to see that day.

Unquestionably, the scenery along the Columbia River where that noble stream ploughs its way through the

Cascade Mountains for a hundred miles, is the grandest river scenery in the world. Said a gentleman fresh from Yosemite, as we rode together through these scenes of indescribable grandeur, on reaching a point of special impressiveness, "Nothing in Yosemite impressed me quite as powerfully as the scene from this point." Americans go to the Alps for their natural scenery. It is not surprising, as they are easily reached. Some time, however, when traveling facilities are increased, we shall all find out that nature has wrought more wonderfully and more grandly for our aesthetic enjoyment within the limits of our own land than in all the world beside.

There is a saying, "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar." Scratch the most mild-mannered Oregonian, and you will find a man of iron. Great firmness and force of character are the universal qualities of all the early settlers. They are a grand stock out of which to grow, by the aid of Providence, a great people, while the large and varied natural resources of the country give abundant promise of a great future.

P. P. TOWNE.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Having been summoned to this beautiful city by "the powers that be," to serve in some humble way the ends of public justice in a case now prominent before the country, I feel moved in spirit to tell the readers of the dear old HERALD how I spent my first Sabbath, Nov. 13.

The day itself was most charming—genial sunshine, balmy air, the blue azure hardly surpassed by an Italian sky, and the goodly city hushed to quiet repose. Going at an early hour to the Metropolitan M. E. Church, I found a large Sunday-school in session, and was particularly struck with the sweetness of the singing. Sunday-school dismissed, a courteous usher gave me a seat in the President's pew, which, of course, I endeavored to dignify as best I could. The pastor, Rev. R. N. Baer (a worthy son of a worthy sire), occupied the pulpit, and preached a simple, plain, practical and majestic sermon from the text, "Son, go work in my vineyard to-day." I will not attempt a synopsis of the discourse. Suffice to say, it did credit to the head and heart of the speaker, and enchain the attention of a large and cultured audience, calling forth hearty responses in different parts of the house. It was good to be there.

After service, in the "strangers' class," I met Dr. Charles Adams and his estimable lady, both in fine health, and dwelling in the sunshine of the divine favor. Dr. A. served the New England Conference thirteen years as secretary, has wrought well for God in the church, and now holds an honorable position in the postal service. Gentle, pure, dignified, may his shadow never grow less!

Metropolitan Church edifice is an ornament to the city and an honor to the church, but I am sorry to add, is still burdened with a debt which should be extinguished at once, that it may stand a moral Pharos in this capital city of the land. Most of the Protestant churches are closed in the afternoon, so I took a walk over to Georgetown, along thoroughfares not unfamiliar to my feet, and from association found myself in Trinity Church, which is Roman. This venerable structure was, in the war of the Rebellion, transformed into a military hospital, and here I served some months in ministering to the wants of the sick, wounded and dying. Sad memories came over me. Father Kelley officiated. The service was largely musical and rendered with wonderful artistic skill and beauty. I retired with thoughts something like these: If the Anglican is our mother church, surely the Roman is our grandmother church! The old lady has been bed-ridden a long while, has become sore and fretful, but let it be remembered that if she has sent many martyrs to the throne of God, she has also guided many souls to heaven. I will not predict her future. It may be reformation; it may be disintegration. Who can tell?

At Wesley Chapel I worshipped in the evening hour. Rev. W. F. McKenney is the pastor of this time-honored house of God. He preached from the familiar words: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." The sermon was an earnest appeal to the unsaved—such an appeal as we are accustomed to hear at the camp-meeting. Great solemnity rested on the people.

Blessed be Zion—her divine and Christian communings! But the sands of time fall, the shadows gather, life sinks space. Happy the pilgrim who by faith sees the city that "flames with the glory of God."

H. C. DUSHAM.

FROM TURKEY.

MR. EDITOR: I have received your valuable paper since Nov. 25 of the last year. Not being overburdened with reading matter, you may judge that the arrival of the HERALD every week is a feast for me. I almost always read it from the beginning to the last line.

It is over five years since I returned from America to my native country. How time flies! It seems to me that it was but yesterday that I was associated in the halls of learning and in the churches of Boston with many of the persons whose names I meet in the columns of the HERALD. Many of them are now scattered over the world—some in Mexico, others in India, and yet others in the southern districts of your grand Union; and poor I cast away all alone in this distant and isolated corner of this wilderness of a world. Yet how grand, how encouraging, how full of comfort it is to think that we are all of us in the vineyard of our common Lord, Jesus Christ, doing His work, under His immediate command and control; and seeing all of us at the same time, and leading all of us to the same goal, and receiving the prayers of us all for each other, although we are far

away from each other by ever so many weary thousands of miles.

One of your issues, dated March 10, 1881, contained a letter from Mexico describing the "Fourth Annual Meeting in Mexico," by Rev. J. W. Butler. It suggested to me to write you one myself. No less than four of the names mentioned in that letter are well known to me: First, that of Superintendent Drees. This must be, I thought, the curly, faxen-headed, wise-looking big boy, "Charlie W. Drees"—the first boy I met when presenting myself, a timid and awkward stranger, to our most worthy matron, Sister Nettie G. Bye, with a letter from Dr. Warren. She received me with her usual kindness and grace, and introduced me, first, to Brother Drees. Afterwards, on a visit to the West with Brother Zuker, I went to his home in Xenia, O., where I saw his mother and family. Next comes "Johnnie W. Butler," the son of our venerable Mexico pioneer, Dr. Butler. That good-looking, rather fleshy, pleasant and bright boy went to join his father in Mexico, where, as I learn, he is now engaged in a good and glorious work. Then "Sam. P. Craver," that scholarly, gentle, light-hearted, good little man, and his inseparable companion, his accomplished and tidy lady sister. (But what of her? I don't see her name in that letter. I will be very much surprised if she is not with him in Mexico; or perhaps Brother Craver loves somebody else's sister now as well, if not better, than his own.) Last, but not least, comes Brother Silberts, that brisk, ever-busy young man. May the good Lord bless them all, and prosper them in their good work!

I hope the above-named good and reverend brothers of mine will excuse me if I have handled their respectable names somewhat familiarly and in good fellowship. They were just as I describe them when we were together in Boston. I know that they are grown-up gentlemen now, holding responsible and useful positions. They will excuse me, I know, if they think that the writer also is not the same as they knew him. He is also a grown-up man, bearing the opposite colors on his head almost by halves, who asks them to pray for him that he also may be as useful and prosperous in the work of our common Master!

But who am I, and what of me? It is over five years now, as I said, since I left America to return to my own country. No wonder, after so long a silence, if I feel obliged to re-introduce myself. Dear brethren and sisters of the M. E. Church in Boston and vicinity, it will not be very hard for you to recall the lonely foreigner who used to go about with you, and mix with you in your social and spiritual gatherings in your churches, and halls, and homes—the Turkish stranger whom you tried so much to prepare for his work in his own land.

When I left America the great struggle that convulsed and dismembered the Turkish Empire was just beginning. The poor country suffered all the consequences of a terrible war and the famine that succeeded it. We pushed through all this, by the help of God, without any serious damage. Hundreds and thousands of Christians lost their lives for the sole offense of being Christians, in Bulgaria and in Armenia proper; but the good Lord spared our district such an ordeal, and we live yet to praise Him and do His work. Although we did not lose our lives, we lost almost all besides. The town of Adapazar, where I live, is about one hundred miles southeast of Constantinople. It has about 15,000 inhabitants, two-thirds of them Christians belonging to the old Armenian and Greek churches. The Evangelical Armenian Church in this town to which I belong is a reformed church, and has separated from the old one. Our church was first started by the missionaries of the American Board, and helped by them for a number of years. About twenty years ago it ceased to be a mission church, and supported itself. Almost a year before I came to America our excellent pastor, Rev. Alexander H. Djelizian, went to Scotland to study and succeeded in collecting some money for building a church and starting a training-school. The good Lord blessed him and us, and we had a membership of about one hundred and some fifty day, and eight boarding, students in our school. The school was superintended by the pastor, and I was one of the teachers; but the war turned everything upside down. We were obliged to give up our young institution and concentrate our forces so that we might at least retain our school. Even this would have been impossible had it not been for the kind help of American and Scotch Christian friends.

Now we have a church in Adapazar, with five branches in the villages around, within a circuit of about thirty miles. In these places the Gospel is preached in its purity every Sabbath. Our pastor is superintending all of these, and visiting them from time to time to fill their spiritual wants. In the district of Bithynia there are twelve Evangelical Armenian Churches, and a fellowship of these churches under the name of "The Bithynian Union." This Union holds an annual conference where all the pastors and delegates from the churches meet to commune with each other and to consult about the work in this great field.

When I returned home I was at once engaged in this work, and, settling at Adapazar, began to work there as a physician and a preacher. At first I had a good deal of hard work grappling with the superstition and ignorance of the people, but, at length, by the blessing of the Lord, I was enabled to overcome the difficulties, and now I hold the position of the "beloved physician" in the town and all around. The people began to like my dealing with them in truth and honesty as their doctor, and my talking to their sick about the Saviour and praying with them. Having two places of Protestant worship in the town, I regularly preach every Sunday

alternately in these places. The people like my preaching sufficiently well to give me a full house. It has been over thirty-five years since we separated from the old Armenian Church. At that time there was a very bitter feeling against Protestants. They were regarded as schismatics, and anathematized and excommunicated as such. Our fathers suffered all the persecutions and the hardships that our people are exposed to in Mexico for the sake of the pure religion of our Lord.

Although there is no open persecution now in our country, for the Armenian Protestants, at least, yet the old enmity is not altogether extinct. It will not do for the people to have the heretic priest—the Protestant pastor visit their homes or preach in their church; but for the doctor it is quite different. He is not a pastor, you see, and is welcome to their homes whenever he chooses to go. Besides, I was invited to attend their churches on the occasion of several national ceremonies, and was asked to speak to the congregation. Of course I received these invitations gladly, and spoke to them with such acceptance that after awhile they invited our pastor also to go to their church and preach a sermon on Christian education, which he did. Thus the ice was broken forever, and we have greater chances for future usefulness. My people so love me and appreciate my labors for them, that when I was sick last year with typhoid fever the whole town was very anxious about my condition. Many of the priests of the old church came to visit me. Public prayer was offered in their churches for my recovery—something that was never done before for a Protestant heretic—and when I got well, all the town was glad.

Besides my regular work in the town, every now and then I take a missionary tour in our district, trying to "head the sick, and preaching the Gospel." For this I do not receive a cent of pecuniary help from any church or mission. Thank God! He enables me to make enough to live upon and support my family and aged parents, and to help the church work with my gifts. Moreover, I am helping a number of young men in their education, that they may prepare themselves to go to America. After studying there for awhile, they will come back to assume the work for themselves, or will help me in my work. One of them—a younger brother of mine—is already on his way.

Christian friends, the stranger you once helped so kindly has the opportunity of being a useful man if he abides with the Lord and receives grace from Him. The laborers in this dry and barren land where a part of our Lord's vineyard is planted, know the greatness of the responsibility that is pressing upon us. We know well that we are not sufficient for it; but we have the Lord's promises, and His ready help is with us all the while. We ask the prayers and the sympathy of all those who love our Lord.

S. C. KAVAGHAN, M. D.

Adapazar, Asia Minor.

New England Conferences and the Freedmen's Collection.

BY REV. R. E. BISHOP.

The total amount contributed by the six New England Conferences for last year is \$9,514.71. Of this the N. E. Conference gave \$1,233; the N. E. Southern, \$739; the Vermont, \$629.85; the New Hampshire, \$340; the Maine, \$305.86; the East Maine, \$177. The largest contribution was by the Highlands Church, Lowell—\$148; the second by the Malden Church, \$131; the third by the church at Burlington, Vt., \$60; and the fourth by the church at Kent's Hill, Me., \$57. These are the only four churches that gave more than \$50 each. Thirteen churches in the N. E. Conference and three in the N. E. Southern gave \$25 or more, but less than \$50 each. The number of churches contributing \$15 or more, but less than \$25, was 28; the number contributing \$5 or more, but less than \$15, 159; those contributing less than \$5, 419; churches making no contribution, 282. Had these 282 churches making no contribution taken a penny collection on a rainy day in a Sunday-school, making an average of ten cents each, enough would have been contributed to help a worthy student to three months' schooling. Had they given a dollar each, an extra teacher might have been supported in the work. Had they given five dollars each, an extra high school might have been carried on.

Brethren, fill up the blanks! Remember the old proverb, so often quoted, that "nature abhors a vacuum." If you have any doubt about the application of your gifts, read the following letter from Bennett Seminary, Greenboro, N. C., Nov. 9, 1881.

DEAR SIR: I was much pleased to hear that you wish to help the poor. I am quite sure you could not help one that is in more need than myself. My father is a very poor M. E. minister. He gets only a very small salary, but he is one that cares more for the saving of souls than for money. Mamma is a member of the same church. She works very hard and does all she can, but her health is so very bad she cannot do much. As I am the oldest girl, sixteen years of age, I feel very anxious to get some learning so that I can help my father and my brothers and sisters. I do all I can to help myself along. I take sewing, knitting, act as chamber-maid in the morning before school, take care of a baby in the afternoon, and wanted to take in some washing, but our wells do not afford enough water. I get up at 2 and 3 o'clock, after retiring at 10. I think if I could board in the Hall, I should have more time to work, but my parents think it is cheaper cooking for myself. Papa and mamma tell me that I cannot come back next year because of not being able. I have not said that once, for the Bible says, "They that serve the Lord shall not want any good thing," and I am quite sure an education is a good thing, and it is my desire to get one so that I can be of service to

the Lord. I worked very hard to get sister and myself here this year, and I am willing to work at any time for an education. It is my daily prayer that the Lord should provide for me. Some of the girls laugh at me for saying, "What a friend we have in Jesus," but I am sure if we are kind enough to help me on my way to school, I shall continue to sing it with more faith than ever.

CARRIE B. MILLER.

MISSIONARY CONCERT PROGRAMME.

December, 1881.

SUBJECT: "The consecration of talent to personal mission work."

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him... that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation." The great missionaries of the world have been the great leaders of the world. They have been the great servants of the King. The ten talents and the five talents have been often consecrated, and this devotion has found its reward. The cause of missions pleads to-day more loudly than ever for the very best talent of the church—for men of the highest energy and intellectual force to come up to the great work and practically solve the problem of the speedy evangelization of the world. What has been accomplished in mission work by men of unusual force and devotion is a sure pledge of "greater things than these," when the church shall offer yet more abundantly of its best personal resources for these objects.

In contemplating this claim of foreign mission service upon the highest talent existing in the church, we might naturally consider—

1. The magnitude of the work. Notwithstanding the decisive progress of Christianity in the last three hundred years, nominal Christians number but little over 400,000,000 of the 2,000,000,000, or more, of the world's population. And how large a proportion of these 400,000,000 are still blind to the pure principles of the Gospel. If there is anything in the greatness of a task to develop the human mind, the work of the Christian missions, which has been calling the church for eighteen centuries, stands first to overthrow the subtle power of Hindooism wrought into the national life of India; to impart divine truth to the spiritually barren system of Confucianism, on which China has rested for over two thousand years; to turn to Christ's teachings the numerous populations which have followed Mohammed with unwearying and fanatical persistence, and who to-day maintain at Cairo the largest missionary institution the world has ever seen with its 10,000 students; to devise the methods, to prepare for the intellectual contest, to conduct the enterprise for a thorough victory over these tremendous forces of error, is not to mention others, an undertaking fitted to the highest intellectual ability. Take the testimonies which are abundant to the high character of the work in a human point of view, which missionaries have done. Little can be quoted here. Mr. Mackenzie, in his "History of the Nineteenth Century," says of the Christianization of India (and it may be remembered that to missionaries and missionaries alone is the moral renovation due): "Posterity will look upon the majestic picture of a vast and utterly barbaric population, once finally subdued, governed, educated, Christianized and led up to the dignity of a free, self-governing nation by a handful of strangers who came from an insular island fifteen thousand miles away."

2. The greatness of the motives, which appeal to the profoundest sentiments of our nature and to the loftiest aspirations of the human soul, is a constant measure of the claim which this supreme work of God has upon the highest gifts that grace has touched and sanctified. We beg to commend again the perusal of the plea made in Dr. Fowler's tract, "The Message," on this line of motive to mission work—"The Spirit of the Gospel," "Christ Necessary." Above all we commend to prayerful re-perusal the language of the Apostle Paul all through his writings, the assurance of one of the most brilliant intellects the world has furnished, exalting in the commission to preach the "glorious gospel of the blessed God" as "debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians." See how that able apostle of India, Dr. Duff, affords special witness. He says: "It is my duty to the heathen world. In my closet, on my bed, kneeling, I then said to God, 'O Lord, Thou knowest that silver and gold give to Thee. I offer Thee myself.'"

- Let prayer be offered that the effectual argument of Paul for "labors more abundant" may echo and re-echo in our hearts of learning and in the hearts of our most vigorous and hopeful youth, till the very chiefest light and strength of our time shall blaze forth with the purpose to make the name of Christ "great among the heathen."

- Let the example, the spirit and the achievements of eminent missionaries be set before them in a certain index to the measure of our great needs for this work. Let their names be recalled, their deeds recounted—the noble devotion of Melville Cox, the faithful labors of Wilkins, the persistent enthusiasm of John Sney for Africa. These early heroes in the cause have gone to their reward. Living men in our own ranks, whose works have made them greatly influential at home and abroad, pre-eminent examples though they are, veteran servants of God, known and honored in all branches of the Christian Church—we name them not here. But the lives of other leaders of the universal Church of Christ in this great enterprise should be familiar. Robert Morrison, the pioneer in modern missions to China, great in his patient, solitary labors, his twelve years in Chinese, his nineteen in English, but greater still in his reply to the skeptical observation, "So, Mr. Morrison, you really expect you will make an impression on the idolatry of the Chinese empire?" "No, sir," said he, with more than his usual sternness, "I expect God will!" Adoniram Judson, whose college life and endowments promised him a brilliant name at home—his is a light to shine through the thickest darkness, his undying patience and hold upon the promises. Prospects for the conversion of the heathen? "They are bright as the promises of God," was his reply after many years of apparently fruitless endeavor among the Burmese. Space fails to tell of Martyn, and Schwartz, and Williams, and Hunt, Moffat and Livingstone, and others of the "goodly fellowship" of "the noble army of martyrs." Let them teach, let them inspire, let their works show what sons the church must send forth continually if it would carry to its consummation the work which they have begun.

- Let the personal resources of the church to-day be remembered. By the report of the Inter-seminary Missionary Alliance, held last year, it appeared that among our theological schools, Boston had sent out 23 foreign missionaries from its 316 alumni; Drew, from its 267 alumni; and Garrett 15 from its 258. We look for similar accounts rendered from all the churches in the Alliance convention

but recently in session, and the various papers read there, which will appear in many church journals, will doubtless furnish much aid in stimulating thought upon the theme we here present. The papers of the Inter-seminary Missionary Alliance of last year are obtainable of Rev. E. R. Smith, 74 Bible House, New York, in pamphlet form (25 cents).

Appropriate Scripture reading for the meeting would be found in 2 Cor. 4: 6. The following hymns are suggested for the occasion: 367, 582, 814, 818, 910, 923, 941.

The subject proposed for the January Concert of Prayer is "Italy."

The Summer Lodge for working girls at Wollaston Heights proved to be such a success that the managers have decided to open a winter home on Tremont Street, opposite the Common, to furnish winter board for working girls with the comforts of a good home. About twenty-five are now provided for, at the rate of four dollars a week. The large number of applications shows how welcome such a home is.

TO THE PASTORS AND LAYMEN OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOUTHERN CONFERENCE.

BRETHREN: The church at Hockanum, East Hartford, Conn., has been suffering a decline for some years, but is now, we trust, on the eve of better days. The building called a church is almost the most wretched structure imaginable—a low, once white building, having a leaky roof, windows rattling in their frames, front doors opening directly into the street, broken plaster and rickety stone steps. Add to this the age that had marked everything with wear and dirt, then remember that we have no vestry of any sort, and you have an idea of the condition of things when the year opened.

I found here a willing but considerably discouraged society, and a field that ought to be harvested for God and Methodism. Methodism has suffered for want of a decent place of worship. With this thought in mind, we have begun to repair. Our people are exerting themselves to the utmost, but cannot meet the sum required for necessary repairs. We must have \$2,500. A few churches in the Conference have already been opened to me, and I now beg my brethren to give me a chance to take a collection in their churches; or will they not take one in my absence? Here is church extension and a work of the home missionary society at our doors. Will not our brother laymen also, who have money for the Lord, kindly send some help? We need it, and trust our appeal is not in vain.

Will the pastors kindly communicate with me, so that I may be with them during this month or next? WALTER P. STODARD.

Our Book Table.

Paul Du Chailly pays a handsome and well-deserved compliment to his publishers—Messrs. Harper & Brothers—for the generous manner in which they have issued his last great work; his first having been published by their fathers. Well he may compliment them, for nothing is lacking in type, paper, in the abundance of illustrations and the excellence of their execution, to render THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN one of the finest works, mechanically, that has been issued this season from the press. The work has been very gracefully dedicated by its author to Robert Winthrop, esq. It forms two noble octavos of 440 and 470 pages. It is something more than the description of a tour over the Scandinavian regions. Du Chailly made a series of leisurely journeys, during summer and winter, in the years between '71 and '78, through Sweden, Norway, Lapland and Northern Russia. He presents a full and attractive description of the physical features of the country; its present educational, industrial and moral condition; its city, town and village life, with the manners and customs of the peoples of the different provinces. The illustrations, which are numerous, are from original photographs taken for the work, and add greatly to the attractiveness of the volume. These northern latitudes have not been so eagerly sought by tourists, and their natural features have not been so often described, as those of central and southern Europe. This gives a freshness and special interest to the work. Its author has already won a reputation as a daring and persevering traveler and a vivid writer, by his volumes upon the equatorial regions of Africa and the country of the gorilla. He shows in these volumes the results of long experience, and finds among the sombre silences of the North and its simple-minded people much to awaken his enthusiasm and to inspire his pen. Of the special points in his work, and the real contributions made to the different departments of natural and social science, we shall be able to give our readers a fuller review from a skillful hand than we can contribute in our columns in an early issue of the work. \$7.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. we have THE LIFE OF JAMES T. FIELDS; Biographical Notes and Personal Sketches. Crown octavo, 273 pp. \$2.00. We suppose this volume, as has heretofore been intimated, has been prepared by the well-trained hand of Mrs. Fields, although no author's name is given. We should judge this to be the case from the severe taste that has been exercised throughout the contents of its pages. The memoirs, diaries, letters and literary papers of this field, with the abundant reminiscences of numerous cultivated friends on both sides of the Atlantic, afford ample material for even a larger book. But it has been carefully pruned. Mr. Fields' extraordinary opportunities for forming personal and familiar acquaintance with all the chief literary men and writers of his day, which rendered his series of lectures so entertaining, give an equal grace and attractiveness to the pages of his biography. Many of the happy sayings, which formed the spice of his platform addresses, have been preserved; they lack in the volume the twinkle of the eye and the rare tones of voice which gave them their chief significance. But this beautiful personality will bring him freshly back to those who knew him well, and will preserve to a coming generation the memory of one of excellent endowments and of rare good nature, whose personal qualities won for him the respect and love of the men of letters of his day, and whose ready address secured for him an appreciative hearing and welcome in all portions of the land.

From the same house we have a new, revised and enlarged edition of Oliver Johnson's GARRISON AND THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT. This edition leaves out the author's attack upon Dr. Whedon, as not appropriate to a historical work, although he reiterates, without qualification, the opinions that brought him into discussion with the Doctor. Mr. Johnson devotes an additional chapter to answering the criticisms of the Independent and Christian Union upon his first volume. The question with Mr. Johnson's critics is not so much as to the persevering earnestness and the influence of Mr. Garrison, as it is whether, after all, it was not the Christian Church, and ultimately to political rather than moral agencies, that

the final emancipation of the slave was chiefly due. Mr. Johnson stands by his guns and will not yield a hand-breadth; and his opponents, equally friendly to the great reform, remain unconvinced by his reasoning. Of the character and interest of the volume we remarked fully when the first edition was issued.

Our young people in this vicinity are to be well instructed about the early history of their favorite city. Two or three very attractive volumes appear this season. Estes & Lauriat issue one that will assuredly win its way to favor. It is entitled, YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF BOSTON. It is written by one whose previous volumes give ample assurance of the interest and ability with which this is written. Hezekiah Butterfield, whose "Zigzag Journeys" over Europe and the East have fascinated so many young readers, in this fine volume tells the story of Boston and its most noted citizens from its foundation down to our own day. The volume is crowded with illustrations, and will be as equally appreciated by old and young.

DR. GILBERT'S DAUGHTERS: A Story for Girls, by Margaret Hattet Matthews. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Boston: George H. Spiller, \$1.50. This is a very pleasant and wholesome story of family and social life. It carries its quiet instructions along with its incidents, and with its comfortable ending leaves a grateful remembrance behind.

Harper & Brothers offer, as their rich contribution to the holiday gifts, THE HEART OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS; or, Legends and Scenery of the Adams Drake, with illustrations by W. Hamilton Gibson. The volume is lavishly dedicated to John G. Whittier. It is published in the form of a book, with large type, and is a very attractive volume. The name of the artist is a guarantee of the vigor and beauty of the designs. Mr. Drake, in his "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast," has shown his rare appreciation of natural scenery and his ability to express it in poetic phrase. The volume is every way attractive; and while it profits a very elegant gift-book for the holidays, its letter-press and illustrations will give pleasure to the reader as far as the best White Mountain guide for a tourist. Every lover of the "White Hills" will appreciate its true and happy descriptions, and revel in the rich illustrations. The gift-book of the season will present strong reasons to those able to secure this exquisite volume.

From the same house we have THE YOUNG PEOPLE FOR 1881—a bound volume of their charming child's periodical. It makes a very attractive volume for young people who have received the weekly issues of this pure and admirable little paper. The illustrations are profuse and elegant.

From Robert Carter & Brothers we have, in flexible covers, handsomely printed and bound, THE GATES OF PRAYER, by Macduff. This useful little volume contains a series of prayers, for morning and evening. It will afford rich assistance in apprehending spiritual truths and in enlarging religious desires. The prayers are comprehensive and peculiarly devout.

The National Temperance Society issues an effective temperance story for boys, entitled, REX RINGOLD'S SCHOOL; or, The Imperial Club, by P. H. Steele Boyd. It shows how the social element of the school may be turned to a good account. The volume is an eminently religious one, as well as pronounced in its temperance teachings.

Robert Carter & Brothers publish a nice Christmas story, by Emma Marshall, DEDWOODS AND DIAMONDS, 12mo. It is dedicated to three little girls, and may interest others with eyes as clear as theirs. The story is pretty told, and is full of pathos and pity.

Estes & Lauriat issue for the youngest claimants of holiday books, CHATTERBOX, in ornate covers, and fairly crowded with pictures. It will be irresistible with the little people.

A beautiful little volume, every way, for the youngest in the family of readers, is BOBBY AND ROSIE: A Summer in the Life of Two Children, issued by Robert Carter & Brothers, by the author of several popular books. It is printed in large type, and is finely illustrated. The story is told in a lively way; and many of those little fellows and girls who learn from the book or a mother's lips the lessons Bobby and Rosie received during that memorable summer.

THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN THE WOODS; The Adventures of Six Young Men in the Wilds of Maine and Canada, by A. Stephens, published by Estes & Lauriat. It is a story of a young man, a capital volume. It relates in a very lively way the incidents of a sporting tour. It will be an "immense" fascination to teenage school-boys of sixteen or eighteen, and will awaken no unwholesome appetite for reckless adventure. The incidents are the natural occurrences of a camping tour, and the natural scenery is within easy reach of our young people. The illustrations are specially well executed.

Charles Scribner's Sons issue three more of their very popular edition of the works of the late Dr. Holland: PLAIN TALKS—containing nine of the popular lectures which their writer delivered before appreciative audiences all over the country. The portions of his talks are all upon eminently practical topics, and of abiding interest; LESSONS IN LIFE—like "Gold Foil"—contains a collection of short essays upon familiar subjects, and is a very attractive volume, presented in an attractive form; and KATHARINA—the very popular poem, the original sale of which was so large.

Harper & Brothers publish ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA, of their fine, annotated and illustrated edition of Shakespeare, by William J. Rolfe.

Lee & Shepard issue, for the benefit of their juvenile patrons, a new work of Oliver Optic, his seventy-fifth volume of stories for the young. His last books have been far the best and most wholesome. This is the closing one of the Great Western Series, and is entitled, UP THE RIVER; or, Yachting on the Mississippi. The story, of course, is vividly told. The incidents are natural; the people met, steamboats and landings, and the scenery are actual sights which the Mississippi runs, and the sights that meet the traveler there. Mr. Adams' books never lack young readers.

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1881.

Thanksgiving passed very quietly in New England. About the usual number of discourses were delivered in Boston. A few churches were well filled. It is remarkable how generally the topics of the day were touched with an unwonted pathos by the late national calamity, and the thoughts of the hour took on more of a national character than usual. Even the great reforms were held in abeyance by the call to consider the highest interest of the country at the present hour. The chief perils of the times and the elements of the nation's true progress and perpetuity were very generally discussed both in Boston and New York, and doubtless in other cities. The beautiful charities which have been developed in later years among us were generously exhibited. The Christian Associations held their pleasant Thanksgiving festivities. The newspaper boys and bootblacks were served, at groaning tables, by happy young ladies and eager young gentlemen, until they could hardly roar out, in juvenile fashion, their cheers of gratitude. Thousands of poor homes were gladdened by public and private gratuities, and tens of thousands of others found a sweet solace from the bustle and anxieties of daily business in the quiet and beautiful domestic circle embracing the members of the loving family group. While the day with many was given up to recreation and secular amusement, there were thousands of devout prayers that went up to the Father of Mercies for benedictions upon the land, and in heartfelt praises for His unnumbered public and personal blessings.

The painfully dramatic trial in Washington fills the public prints. It has never had a parallel in this country or in any civilized land. The grave and dignified procedure of a high court has been constantly interrupted by the noisy, egotistical and rhapsodical addresses of the murderer. The Judge has constantly threatened the prisoner, but has not fulfilled his assurances of securing quiet even by force, if necessary. It has been an additional outrage to the American people, and an occasion of national chagrin, that such a ridiculous comedy should take the place of a solemn trial of so cold-blooded an assassination. There can be little doubt of the mental and moral deformity of the wretched man on trial for his life. In spite of the appearance of design in much of his feigned folly and his shrewd interjection of suggestions in reference to the nature of the impressions impelling him to the commission of the awful act, it is very evident that he has always exhibited an unbalanced mind. But the vital question is as to his moral responsibility. He has evidently had sense enough to apprehend the distinction between right and wrong, and has not been thought by any means so morally helpless as to need restraint. He is in much the same category as hundreds of criminals now in prison who have a low moral sensibility; but society has never thought of releasing them from the responsibility of their acts, or granting them immunity in their wickedness.

We had the pleasure, last week, of a passing call upon some members of the faculty of Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., and were sorry that our limited time forbade meeting all our friends in this grand body of educators. The old college grows young every year. With its brightening fortunes, its buildings and grounds are constantly improved. Little does it look like the Alma Mater we left forty years ago. There is no collegiate institution in the world that has a fairer site or larger aesthetic possibilities in the future. Old edifices are passing away without administering to the fires of sophomores with unsensative consciences. New and tasteful buildings for society purposes are going up. There is a general appearance of growth and prosperity everywhere manifest. The new freshman class is not only distinguished for its increased numbers, but is an excellent body of young ladies and gentlemen every way. The proffer of a large prize for superior scholarship by Mr. Sevey has both awakened interest in the college itself, and also in thoroughness of preparation. Several students who proposed to enter the present term, determined to give another year to preparation, to enhance their probability

as candidates for the prize. Dr. Beach has already secured \$70,000 of the \$100,000, which brings another \$100,000 from the generous banker to the endowment fund of the institution, and the question of its success is beyond peradventure. With such a suite of buildings, without debt, and with nearly a million endowment fund, the venerable mother of all our higher educational institutions commences a new era of usefulness and prosperity. Within her fine halls as thorough and broad an education can be secured as in any of our American colleges, while the moral atmosphere of the place tends to the development of the higher and spiritual nature of the student. This is her chief glory. May she never lose it!

We have no desire either to give voice to the public indignation in regard to the faithless administration of great public trusts, or to offer apologies for human and pardonable mistakes and errors. We wish simply to refer to the wide-spread distress which a readily-preventable wrong occasions. We quickly apprehend the awful social, as well as civil, retribution which follows the commission of a breach of trust. We have none too much sympathy for the men now under arrest as officials of the ruined bank in New Jersey. We are ready to pronounce summary judgment upon those in our own vicinity who have awakened so much anxiety and created such painful public distrust. But this indignation and the personal sufferings of those who have occasioned these calamities, do not soften the blow that has fallen upon hundreds of innocent and distressed victims. It is a fearful responsibility that men in charge of great moneyed institutions have. They hold not only their own reputations and business success in their hands, the honor of their class and city, but the very dependence and temporal resources of hundreds of persons. The distress of such persons does not find its way into the public prints; it does not express itself in loud, indignant tones; but it discloses itself in tears, in a burden too heavy to be borne, in blighted hopes and health, in silent and wasting sorrows. "Why do you not take longer tacks, and go nearer to the shore?" asked a well-known clergyman of a sea captain, with whom he was sailing, while he was beating into port with a stiff head wind. "Because," said the cautious commander, "although I might safely venture, if my own interests were only in peril, I never forget that I have many souls on board for whom I am responsible, and I dare not take an unnecessary risk!" It would be a wholesome motto for any man holding sacred trusts to place these many words where his eye could constantly fall upon them.

THE GOLDEN TALENT.

It is a wonderful gift to be endowed with the power of persuasive speech. No thoughtful man hesitates a moment to admit the responsibility attaching to such a personal power. It must not be entirely subordinated to selfish purposes. The community has a proper claim upon it. While it becomes a means of promoting the interests of its possessor, it must yield its influence and give voice to public wants and charities.

A remarkable gift of vigorous speech has that greatly-respected member of the Society of Friends, the thoughtful manufacturer and able statesman who has just reached the average limit of human life, and received the hearty congratulations of his neighbors, and of friends throughout Christendom, upon reaching his seventieth birthday. Noble John Bright has not used this rare talent of persuasive speech for his own benefit, but has consecrated it with a high purpose to the advancement of society and the benefit of his country.

How different has been his course from that of the very fluent lawyer of our land, who, possessing a remarkable popular power, devotes it to his own selfish gain, while he declaims against the deepest and holiest convictions of the race, and tramples upon the divine revelation from God to man. No one can listen to this speaker without being appalled at the terrible desecration of one of the noblest of God's gifts, which he exhibits in thus prostituting his marvelous persuasive powers to such dishonorable and demoralizing offices.

How wonderful is the power exhibited by the great Baptist preacher of London! And this extraordinary gift, in his instance, is thoroughly consecrated to the highest purposes. It is this conviction in reference to him that awakens such a profound respect for the man in all circles. He does not farm out his ability for personal emolument. He has freely offered his great gifts at the call of almost any charity. When a devout lady, impressed with the good and great work he was doing, desiring to relieve him of all temporal anxiety, bestowed upon him a very large donation of money, he at once said, "I am sure I shall be cared for," and the money was immediately devoted to the orphanage connected with his tabernacle work. Without giving heed to the possible effect of such constant drafts upon his energies, every Sabbath, and several times on the Sabbath, to a congregation of from five to seven thousand, he lifts up that magnificent voice in strains of

the most persuasive speech. There is no effort at personal display, no word uttered to attract his hearers to himself; but every sentence is freighted with the deepest earnestness, and exhibits only the liveliest solicitude to secure the one great end of a Gospel ministry — the salvation of his hearers.

We see the nobleness of such a devotion of high talent which might be applied, as well, if one had no sense of the responsibility that always comes with a divine gift, to personal advancement. Now this gift is a rare one. The great speakers in Christendom can be readily counted. The gift is so much coveted and is so influential that when it is bestowed, its subject at once becomes conspicuous. But there is another powerful endowment more widely bestowed, perhaps less often consecrated, yet not less productive of wide and benign results. It is the golden gift. To some the great Disposer of human talents has committed the ability of rapidly gathering wealth. Men are endowed with a genius for this, as they are born with a persuasive power of speech. This gift brings with it special temptations, as, on the one hand, it awakens an avicious desire for acquisition, and on the other solicits the most expensive appetites that clamor for gratification. But no talent has a broader possible comprehension. If it is consecrated, like a persuasive speech, not to selfish indulgence and profit, but to the highest human and divine ends, the sublime results may be secured. There is no portion of the earth that may not be reached by it. A devout man, with an increasing income, while silent himself and much devoted to his business, can have a far larger audience than the most golden-tongued minister on earth. He may speak through a score of lips. He can reach millions of human souls. He can set in motion forces which will continue in operation while the world stands. He can succor orphans and save the lost while he is managing his temporal affairs and exercising the one great talent God has bestowed upon him. He need not wait till his tombstone is reared, to make his money a means of grace and a source of exquisite enjoyment to himself. The preacher finds his own soul watered while he waters others. There is no language that can describe the bliss of successfully heralding the Gospel to earnestly listening and profiting hearers. But this other and more common talent of accumulation has its rare rewards. A man may build his monument without placing it in a graveyard, or chiseling his name upon it. It may be a pile of "living" stones, resting upon the great and precious corner-stone. Every stone that he places in it may bring to human and angelic lips the anticipated shout over the top-stone, of "Grace, grace unto it." The inward and divine recognition of such a work is infinitely superior to any outward commendation.

The founder of Wellesley devotes his whole fortune to the college. He continues in active forms of business up to his final sickness, simply to be able to provide a broader opportunity for the Christian education of the young women of the land. He measures his growing resources, not by the personal sensuous gratification he may secure, not by the social position and power he may gain, not as the significant symbol of his ability, but purely as affording so much larger opportunity for his beneficent purpose. Who can express the satisfaction he had in watching the development and consummation of his marvelous work! No sight on earth can be more impressive than such an one. The work is utterly divested of personal ambitions. Mr. Durant will not have his name inscribed on a tablet, or his picture placed upon the wall. He will not even have one of the slightly college edifices called by his respected and beloved title. He places a cross upon the highest pinnacle, and devotes the whole gift to Christ and His kingdom.

This is worth laboring for. It is an adequate result of years of hard toil. It is an inspiration to the monotony of mechanical and mercantile life. There are many young men who have not the gift of eloquent address, upon whom God has bestowed this golden talent. They can make money. It is a gracious and blessed gift, if only sanctified. It must be developed in prayer, as men baptize their sermons that prove effective. Our young people should be inspired with this noble ambition. The grace with which a New York banker endows Christian institutions is even more wonderful than the genius God has given him for extensive business. He might make millions and not be happy or respected; it is the consecration of wealth that brings comfort and the benedictions of earth and of heaven.

Before dismissing the subject, we would direct attention to a striking phase of the tabular statement, which, though very significant, seems not to have attracted the notice of the Conference. We allude to the comparative success of the episcopal and non-episcopal forms of Methodism. Probably without designing to show anything on this question, the compiler of these statistics has presented its data quite prominently. The table ends with two lines which group

ECUMENICAL STATISTICS.

EPISCOPAL AND NON-EPISCOPAL METHODISM.

The tabular statement of the statistics of Methodism, which was presented in the essay of Dr. Edwards at the Ecumenical Conference, is referred to, by English journals, as a remarkably interesting document. It shows, at a glance, the numerical strength of the denomination throughout the world — that of its distinct bodies and their grand aggregate. Its nearly 4,800,000 members are an imposing summary of the results of its comparatively brief history. These figures bear on nearly every question concerning it. They show a success which is probably without a parallel since the introduction of Christianity. It has been doubted, even, whether the success of the Primitive Church, under the early empire, equaled it. The latter had not our facilities, though it had our instrumentalities.

This success is an argument on our doctrines, methods, and destiny. It may well be pondered by the religious world as suggestive of important lessons; and especially pondered by Methodists, with pride and boasting, but with profound gratitude to God, and equal solicitude for their own responsibility. It may, indeed, be doubted whether any other evangelical body of Christians now on our planet stands more amenable before heaven and earth for the future of the kingdom of God in our world, than the great ecclesiastical host which bears the common denomination of Methodists. There are more older and more numerous Protestant bodies, but they have had their chief history; most of them have comparatively ceased to advance, at least with the march of their heroic period. Methodism, through a resurrection of primitive Christianity, is, in its distinctive peculiarities, a product of our times; it has, therefore, special adaptations to our age; it is more aggressive than any other form of Christian organization, more energetic, more harmonious, more vivid, more hopeful; it has sprung into existence under better auspices than any other form of Protestantism, and has immensely greater facilities for progress in those great developments of modern life which seem to be bringing all the world into commercial, social and intellectual proximity.

The tabular statement presents only the actual communicants of Methodism, its registered membership. The leading bodies of Christendom report usually their populations, not merely their communicants. Scotch, Scandinavian, and German Protestantism are thus reported; so is it with the Anglican Church, the Roman Catholics, etc. Their only register is that of baptisms. The Methodist population is great compared with its actual communicants. Its congregations, in most of its chief fields, consist, more than those of any other church, of the common people, and, therefore, are generally larger. Its families usually include a larger number of non-communicants than of recorded members — children, servants, etc. Outside of its families it has an immense host of habitual adherents, who love it and fill its temples, but who are not on its record. Including these habitual members of its congregations, as distinguished from its registered communicants; estimating it, in other words, as the Anglican and Roman Churches estimate their numerical strength, the popular forces of Methodism appear indeed imposing, almost incredible. It has usually been assumed that the aggregate Methodist population amounts to twenty millions. It is not improbable that it is greater; it is hardly possible that it can be less than seventeen millions. The Methodist population in the United States is more than double that of the Papal Church in the whole republic, according to the latest reports of the latter denomination.

For what do we write these facts? To gratify our denominational vanity? God forbid! We record them because they are historical facts, providential facts, facts of the kingdom of the common Redeemer and Lord of the world; facts which, in connection with the late Ecumenical revision of our cause, we may well meditate with thanksgiving and renewed resolution to march forward under His banner more triumphantly than ever.

Before dismissing the subject, we would direct attention to a striking phase of the tabular statement, which, though very significant, seems not to have attracted the notice of the Conference. We allude to the comparative success of the episcopal and non-episcopal forms of Methodism. Probably without designing to show anything on this question, the compiler of these statistics has presented its data quite prominently. The table ends with two lines which group

aggregately, the statistics of the two forms of organization. The episcopal membership is 3,404,300, the non-episcopal 1,358,644; the episcopal itinerant preachers 23,268, the non-episcopal 8,904; the episcopal local preachers 25,580, the non-episcopal 58,733; the episcopal Sunday-schools 40,701, the non-episcopal 18,480; the episcopal Sunday-school teachers 357,394, the non-episcopal 220,148; the episcopal Sunday-school pupils 2,517,284, the non-episcopal 1,963,350.

This, we repeat, is a singularly significant exhibit. We could say much about it, but have not space, at present, for the purpose. It shows that Episcopal Methodism has had more than double the success of non-Episcopal Methodism in most particulars; the exception of the local ministry only corresponds with the other disparities as showing the slower development of the non-episcopal churches, and, therefore, their greater dependence upon local preachers as substitutes for regular, or itinerant, ministers. It can hardly be said that this vast preponderance of Episcopal Methodism is attributable to local accidents or advantages. Non-Episcopal Methodism actually has the largest territory, for, beside its European fields, it has nearly all British America, all the West Indies, the East Indies, and the great world of Australia, all Oceania. It is the oldest form of the denomination. The executive energy of the respective forms of organization has unquestionably much to do with these results. Dr. Dixon, one of the most statesmanlike delegates ever sent from British Methodism to our General Conference, said, in a book he published on America, that in American Episcopal Methodism is to be seen John Wesley's real idea of organic Methodism, and that its superior success justifies the legislative wisdom of the great founder. Dixon's Wesleyan brethren never fully forgave him this candid remark. Methodist history has ever since confirmed his reading of the facts. Methodism holds no prelatial theory of episcopacy; it approves it only as a practical expedient, a working system, blessed of God, and necessary to our peculiar ministerial machinery. Thus far it has worked well. Should it ever cease to work well, Methodism can repudiate it without violating its church's conscience.

Editorial Items.

Returning from New York, we took up the Boston *Advertiser* of November 25 as we reached Springfield, and read, with great surprise and sorrow, the item recounting the sudden death, on Thanksgiving evening, of Hon. Thomas Page Richardson, of Lynn. We can hardly realize that he shall not meet him again, with his kindly smile, his extended hand, and his affectionate recognition. He was one of those rare, even, beautiful characters, to whom a sudden death, no terror, but simply a translation. Mr. Richardson was as nearly a model man and Christian as we have known. He, early in life, took upon himself the yoke of a disciple of Jesus Christ, and he never forgot them. He was eminently exemplary as a young man. He won to himself the respect and love of all who met him. Conscientious, thoughtful of others, interested in every good work, cautious, faithful and diligent in business, the soul of honor in all his transactions, few men have passed through their threescore years with so stainless a reputation and with so general a respect and esteem as our excellent, departed friend. Enjoying for a time the over-privileged opportunities of Wilbraham Academy, he always preserved the liveliest regard for its prosperity, and dies the greatly-lamented president of its board of trustees. For many years he has been a trusted and wise director of the Wesleyan Association, rarely ever absent from its meetings and always alive to its interests. How the mother church of Lynn will miss him! Who will take up his falling mantle? How unceasing he has been in his devotion to her well-being! That noble building in which, in later years, the church has worshipped, will be, in part, his monument. What a vacancy will be felt at official meetings, at social and public services! What a manifest earthly loss has been created by this glorious ascension! The citizens of his native town have constantly recognized his probity and ability. Long a selectman, after the town became a municipality, he was chosen third chief magistrate. In banking institutions and business circles, in religious, educational, and charitable societies, he has been constantly called to serve as trustee, director, or manager. In his prime (sixty-five) when he fell, he was crowned with deserved honors. Faithful to the last, he was on his way to a service of the Young Men's Christian Association, after a very pleasant home-thanking, when he was seized with the affection that, in half an hour, proved fatal. Heaven is richer and earth poorer with his departure. Our tenderest sympathies are with the deeply bereaved family, but they are rich in the mercies of such a life as he leaves them, and with Christ as their abiding consolation. The Wesleyan Association, at a special meeting held at their room on Saturday, accepted the following minute, to be inscribed upon their records:—

"Having learned with deep sorrow of the very sudden and unexpected death of

our greatly respected and esteemed associate—Hon. Thomas Page Richardson—we place upon our records an expression of our high appreciation of his character and ability. For years he has been an active and faithful member of the Wesleyan Association, always present, when it was possible, at its meetings, and ever exhibiting the liveliest interest in its prosperity. Upon his judicious and wise counsels the Board has ever been accustomed to rely. His business experience, his excellent sense, and his vigorous executive ability, have been of special advantage to the Association in conducting the important trusts committed to his hands. Honored by his fellow citizens as the most responsible offices in their gift, enjoying a rare reputation for practical wisdom and unblemished virtue, he has also received from the church of his choice and love constant and significant expressions of her appreciation of his talents and integrity. In no position of responsibility has he failed fully to meet the confidence that has been reposed in him.

"We bear willing testimony to the rare harmony and beauty of the Christian character of our departed brother. Eminently loyal to his church, of which he had been a member from his early youth, fond of her institutions and religious modes, intelligent in his acceptance of her doctrines and discipline, faithful in his attendance upon all her services, and carried in her mind to the last much of the history of Dighton and Taunton, having a marvelous memory."

"The Western Advocate, in a 'personal,' says: 'Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Thirkield (daughter of the late Bishop Gilbert Haven) have arrived in the city, having visited since their marriage Washington and Philadelphia, and the parents of Mr. Thirkield, at Frankfort, Ky. A reception was given them on last Friday evening by the members of the Union Chapel, which was largely attended, and was a most enjoyable occasion.'

"Our Depository, at No. 38, never had a more inviting holiday dress than the present season. Mr. Magee and his assistants are ready to aid their patrons in selecting both attractive and substantial presents for the home and friendly circle. The books just issued from the press for seasonal gifts are unusually elegant and interesting, and the selection of cards surpasses any previous collection. It is wise to purchase early, to avoid the crowds which gather as Christmas approaches."

"Prof. Remsen, of Baltimore, who has been employed by the water commission of Boston to examine the water sources of the city, and discover, if possible, the occasion of its offensive taste, has succeeded, he thinks. He attributes it to a species of fresh water sponge, which, when decayed, causes the unpleasant cucumber flavor. This growth seems to be confined to one pond, and measures are now in process to prevent the ingress of this water into the receiving reservoirs. We noticed the same disagreeable taste in the Croton water of New York city, last week."

"The Book Room at 85 Broadway issues promptly and in a neat form the ample preparation of Dr. Vincent for the International Lessons of 1882. They are devoted to the Gospel of St. Mark—all the lessons for the year being limited to this book. Assisted by Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, an admirable commentary has been provided, with two series of questions. In our personal use of the volume for the current year, from the source, we have enjoyed the same opportunity for appreciating the excellence of the work of our Sunday-school editors. Dr. Mallin, in an article which will appear next week, gives a very warm commendation of the volumes just issued for the coming year."

"A correspondent in Waltham writes:—

"Mr. Editor: In reading the quotation from Mrs. Peckham's speech about class meetings, I thought I might say a word in regard to the subject. I have been a class-leader for fifty-four years, having been appointed by Rev. E. K. Avery, in 1827, to the Marlborough Centre. Since then I have had classes in Hudson, Rockbottom, Sudbury, Stow, and Waltham, to the number of twelve or fifteen, the attendance averaging from fifteen to twenty, and have attended as many as three thousand—leading two thousand, and hearing others lead the others. I have never asked, or heard either of the three questions asked, in my life. As to separating families and putting women in quivering agony, I have never heard of it. On the contrary, it has been sitting at Jesus' feet, learning of Him, and finding sweet rest and peace to their souls."

"A correspondent writes: 'Can you give me the address of any bureau of examination which has prepared a list of books suitable for Sunday-school libraries?' We know of no adequate list for this purpose. A few libraries have prepared such a selection for the Unitarian Sunday-schools, and we believe the Congregationalists have such a work now in hand. We think Phillips & Hunt's list a pretty good one, as it has certainly been well supervised; and it is quite safe to buy the issues of Robert Carter and Brothers, A. D. F. Randolph & Co., the Am. Sunday-school Union, the Congregational Society, D. Lothrop & Co., and certain other reliable publishers of juvenile books."

"The Daily Inter Ocean of Chicago, of Nov. 14, contains an extended notice of Centenary M. E. Church in that city, of which Dr. A. C. George is at present the pastor, succeeding Dr. Thomas a year and a half since. The latter, when he established his new, independent movement in a hall, drew away a portion of the floating congregation of his old church, but in no measure weakened the church itself. During the pastorate of Dr. George, while the spiritual life of the membership has been greatly revived, the congregation has fully recovered its size and improved its character. A debt, amounting in all to \$10,000, has been paid, and the church is now doing a greater or better work than Centenary, and none more closely united." This is unprejudiced and very gratifying information, and will occasion thankfulness among all that desire the highest spiritual efficiency of the church.

"The tasteful volume prepared by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., as one of their holiday gifts, brings back very vividly a pleasant afternoon passed amid the memorials of glorious old Bunyan, in connection with a London firm, with the sides of its covers made of oak taken from Elstow Church, before its restoration. The village of Elstow, where the cottage of Bunyan is still shown, and where the venerable church in which he was christened, in one of his letters which he sent to the clerk who awakened his religious convictions, is about a mile and a half from Bedford. The church which Bunyan himself built, and in which he preached after his release from imprisonment, is in the town of Bedford. This church has now an excellent Congregational pastor, who, although not a Baptist, takes great interest in preserving and showing every memorial of the great Baptist preacher. This edition of Bunyan's principal work—the *Solace of his prison hours*—is a beautiful one, as well as a rare memorial. It has a very well-written biographical sketch illustrated with excellent engravings. The

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"We regret to see the death announced, in Springfield, of the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Pliny Wood. She has been for years in delicate health. Happily married, a short time since, she survived this event but one week. The sympathy of many friends will be with the bereaved mother and family."

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"We are glad to know that the Board of the Woman's Foreign Mission of our church has determined to send two lady missionaries to aid Dr. Vernon in Italy. No field of Christian effort is more inviting, or promising, or pressing. It is the supreme hour for Protestantism in this chief seat of Romanism. Our best wishes and prayers will go with these devoted women."

"Mr. H. H. Faxon issues a powerful 'broadside,' to be circulated throughout the State, containing the convincing letters and addresses of Judge Crosby, the citizens of Lowell, in reference to the terrible results of liquor-selling and drinking. No Christian citizen can read it and then vote *yes* to license at the coming elections."

"Dr. C. H. Payne, of Ohio Wesleyan University, called last week at the office, on his way East on the sad mission which he speaks in this touching personal note:—

"I am East for the sad purpose indicated in the enclosed note. I reached the bedside of my dear aged mother six hours before she breathed her last, and she recognized and warmly greeted me. No man ever had a mother of purer and more unselfish character. Though I have long been far away from her, yet I feel her loss most keenly. Per-
haps I have never written a more touching remembrance of her memory, which might interest and instruct many of your readers. She was one of the first members of the church in North Dighton, and carried in her mind to the last much of the history of Dighton and Taunton, having a marvelous memory."

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"Our Depository, at No. 38, never had a more inviting holiday dress than the present season. Mr. Magee and his assistants are ready to aid their patrons in selecting both attractive and substantial presents for the home and friendly circle. The books just issued from the press for seasonal gifts are unusually elegant and interesting, and the selection of cards surpasses any previous collection. It is wise to purchase early, to avoid the crowds which gather as Christmas approaches."

"Prof. Remsen, of Baltimore, who has been employed by the water commission of Boston to examine the water sources of the city, and discover, if possible, the occasion of its offensive taste, has succeeded, he thinks. He attributes it to a species of fresh water sponge, which, when decayed, causes the unpleasant cucumber flavor. This growth seems to be confined to one pond, and measures are now in process to prevent the ingress of this water into the receiving reservoirs. We noticed the same disagreeable taste in the Croton water of New York city, last week."

"The Book Room at 85 Broadway issues promptly and in a neat form the ample preparation of Dr. Vincent for the International Lessons of 1882. They are devoted to the Gospel of St. Mark—all the lessons for the year being limited to this book. Assisted by Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, an admirable commentary has been provided, with two series of questions. In our personal use of the volume for the current year, from the source, we have enjoyed the same opportunity for appreciating the excellence of the work of our Sunday-school editors. Dr. Mallin, in an article which will appear next week, gives a very warm commendation of the volumes just issued for the coming year."

"A correspondent in Waltham writes:—

"Mr. Editor: In reading the quotation from Mrs. Peckham's speech about class meetings, I thought I might say a word in regard to the subject. I have been a class-leader for fifty-four years, having been appointed by Rev. E. K. Avery, in 1827, to the Marlborough Centre. Since then I have had classes in Hudson, Rockbottom, Sudbury, Stow, and Waltham, to the number of twelve or fifteen, the attendance averaging from fifteen to twenty, and have attended as many as three thousand—leading two thousand, and hearing others lead the others. I have never asked, or heard either of the three questions asked, in my life. As to separating families and putting women in quivering agony, I have never heard of it. On the contrary, it has been sitting at Jesus' feet, learning of Him, and finding sweet rest and peace to their souls."

"A correspondent writes: 'Can you give me the address of any bureau of examination which has prepared a list of books suitable for Sunday-school libraries?' We know of no adequate list for this purpose. A few libraries have prepared such a selection for the Unitarian Sunday-schools, and we believe the Congregationalists have such a work now in hand. We think Phillips & Hunt's list a pretty good one, as it has certainly been well supervised; and it is quite safe to buy the issues of Robert Carter and Brothers, A. D. F. Randolph & Co., the Am. Sunday-school Union, the Congregational Society, D. Lothrop & Co., and certain other reliable publishers of juvenile books."

"The Daily Inter Ocean of Chicago, of Nov. 14, contains an extended notice of Centenary M. E. Church in that city, of which Dr. A. C. George is at present the pastor, succeeding Dr. Thomas a year and a half since. The latter, when he established his new, independent movement in a hall, drew away a portion of the floating congregation of his old church, but in no measure weakened the church itself. During the pastorate of Dr. George, while the spiritual life of the membership has been greatly revived, the congregation has fully recovered its size and improved its character. A debt, amounting in all to \$10,000, has been paid, and the church is now doing a greater or better work than Centenary, and none more closely united." This is unprejudiced and very gratifying information, and will occasion thankfulness among all that desire the highest spiritual efficiency of the church.

"The tasteful volume prepared by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., as one of their holiday gifts, brings back very vividly a pleasant afternoon passed amid the memorials of glorious old Bunyan, in connection with a London firm, with the sides of its covers made of oak taken from Elstow Church, before its restoration. The village of Elstow, where the cottage of Bunyan is still shown, and where the venerable church in which he was christened, in one of his letters which he sent to the clerk who awakened his religious convictions, is about a mile and a half from Bedford. The church which Bunyan himself built, and in which he preached after his release from imprisonment, is in the town of Bedford. This church has now an excellent Congregational pastor, who, although not a Baptist, takes great interest in preserving and showing every memorial of the great Baptist preacher. This edition of Bunyan's principal work—the *Solace of his prison hours*—is a beautiful one, as well as a rare memorial. It has a very well-written biographical sketch illustrated with excellent engravings. The

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MASSACHUSETTS.

Cochesett. — Here, also, a three-days' meeting has been held, with good results. This, like that at East Weymouth, was in connection with the quarterly meeting. These meetings are held according to plans adopted by the preachers' meetings last summer. Thus

MAINE.

natives and English-speaking people, have been very kind to us. We are all well again now; but we miss exceedingly the company and help of our dear ones who came to us only last July. The rest of us have taken up their work until more help comes to us from home. In all the Lord has been good."

it is used more extensively than any other known remedy now before the people. It has cured even the most pronounced cases of Bright's disease, and it is an absolute specific for all kidney difficulties which are the first stages of this most terrible complaint. These are facts which every one of forethought can appreciate, and by the observance of which all can avoid themisery of "a fatal neglect."

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